

in November



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SOMETHING NEW IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

WHAT WE ARE

The Comité Norteamericano Pro México, A. C. (Committee of North Americans for Mexico, Civil Association), is a nonprofit organization of United States citizens, resident in Mexico, formed for the purpose of promoting better understanding between the peoples of our two countries and to benefit economically the Republic of Mexico.

The confusion, misunderstandings and unwarranted pessimism following the 1954 devaluation of the peso led to the organizational meeting in June of that year.

We North American residents and businessmen who formed this program, and who carry it out with voluntary work and monetary contributions, are motivated primarily by a sincere desire to help the country in which we live. We also realize that any successful efforts in strengthening the economy of Mexico will inevitably result in benefit to all concerned.

This is the first time we know of that an American business colony in a foreign land has organized to further understanding between the two countries. While accepting the vital importance of bettered relations between the Governments of our two countries, our effort is rather devoted to fostering opportunities for individuals to arrive at that solid base for friendship, actual knowledge and understanding of the people of Mexico.

We believe that, knowing both countries as we do, we are unusually well situated to explain convincingly Mexico's many advantages and attractions to other North Americans.

Further, we believe that a friendly, strong neighbor to the south is an indispensable asset to the United States.

WHAT WE DO

1. We are chiefly concerned with augmenting that great source of dollar income and that equally great source of acquaintanceship with Mexico which leads to sympathetic understanding — tourist trade. We encourage travel from the United States to Mexico by all proven public relations methods.

2. We give special recognition to public figures and others who have made significant contribution to understanding between the two countries.

3. We provide attention and assistance to groups of visitors so that they, in turn, will be enthusiastic goodwill ambassadors of Mexico when they return to the United States.

4. We work with and through other civic groups such as Rotary, Sales Executives Club, Chambers of Commerce, Lions Club, etc., to spread a persuasive invitation "Visit Mexico", to their Stateside chapters and clubs. With some of these groups we have developed a continuing series of Mexican Fiesta meetings in the United States, for which we provide Mexican movies, posters, menus with recipes and music.

5. We initiate and assist public relations activities that promote a knowledge of Mexico and its people among our fellow North Americans in the United States.

The prime necessity to our continuing success is the sympathetic understanding and financial support from our colleagues, the North American residents and the North American commercial and industrial interests in Mexico, that we may all work together toward growing goodwill, better business relations and greater friendship between the United States and Mexico.

COMITE NORTEAMERICANO PRO-MEXICO

(Committee of U. S. Citizens for Mexico)

Preview

WHAT TO SEE, WHERE TO GO IN NOVEMBER

FIESTAS & SPECTACLES

San Cristóbal Las Casas, Chiapas, November

1-3. Religious and profane fiestas in connection with the Day of the Dead. (See below).

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Janitzio, Michoacán, November 2. An island in Lake Pátzcuaro, Janitzio is famous for its traditional celebrations of the Day of the Dead. Families congregate around the graves of their dead in the candlelit cemeteries with floral and food offerings, and alternate praying and singing with wassail. The entire island is pinpointed with light and makes an extraordinarily potent spectacle from the lake.

San Martín, Jalisco, November 3-11. St. Martin's Day is November 11, and since he is the patron of this village, 8 days of religious and secular ceremonies take place.

Industrial Exhibition, Mexico City, November 7-19. The First Congress of Mexican Construction will take place at the National Auditorium, Paseo de la Reforma. This exhibit should be an interesting example of the many strides Mexican architects and engineers have made in the last few years, the many innovations in which they have pioneered. Open to the public most of the day. Entrance free.

San Diego Tekax, Yucatán, November 8 - 13. This village celebrates its saint's day November 13 with some of the oldest and most typical ceremonies in the whole Republic. There are religious processions in honor of the miraculous image of San Diego. And the populace dances the *Jarana*, a folk dance which derives

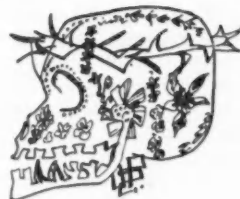
OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Tuesday 1 — All Saints. Dead children, supposed to have gone straight to Heaven, are commemorated on this day throughout the Republic with feasts at their tombs, dead man's bread and sugar skulls, skeleton and coffin toys, etc.

Wednesday 2 — All Souls. This is a day for picnicking at family tombs. The dead are remembered with masses and prayers, but also with guitars and songs. They are entertained not lugubriously but as if they were honored guests. On this day appear the broadsheet *calaveras* in which politicians and other public figures are lampooned in verse and caricature; the traditional Spanish melodrama, *Don Juan Tenorio*, is performed; *novios* present their girl friends with huge candy skulls with the name of the intended entwined in a floral pattern around the top.

Friday 4 and Sunday 6 — Final concerts of the National Symphony Orchestra's Fall Season. See Music listing.

Saturday 12 — Classic American Football clash between the Politechnic Institute and the National Univer-



sity for the local championship. Cheer leaders, cha-cha-cha dancers and the pretty "godmothers" of the rival teams put on a show. See Sports listing.

Sunday 20 — Commemorates the beginning of the Mexican Revolution. Throughout the Republic there are fairs, sporting events, and fireworks — with major emphasis in the capital itself. At the racetrack there is the Classic 20th of November Stakes. See listing under Horses. At the National Auditorium there will be a super spectacle, *Rapsodia de la Revolución*. See Theater listing.

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from the Aragonese *Jota*, and is one of Mexico's loveliest.

Tlalnepantla, Puebla, November 19 - 21. Traditional ceremonies including *charreadas* (rodeos), *mariachi* serenades, cockfights. The high spot is the *paseo* in the parks: girls dressed in the elegant finery of the *China Poblana* costume parade for the well-merited ogling of the local swains.

San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco, November 23, December 13. Only the San Marcos Fair in Aguascalientes can rival this one. People flock from all over the Republic to watch the bullfights, cockfights, horse races, and the various regional dances.

ART

Many of Mexico City's considerable number of art galleries are show-places in themselves, quite apart from the exhibits they feature. In exciting modern architecture on small scale, probably no building in the world rivals *El Eco* at Sullivan 43. Designed by Mathías Goeritz, this building now houses

an art gallery as well as a restaurant and bar. *Casa del Arquitecto*, Veracruz 24, practices what architects preach, combines comfort (a pleasant restaurant-bar) with function (an ample upstairs gallery for exhibits and film showings), adds plants, unusual lighting, a glass facade. The city's oldest privately-owned gallery, *Arte Mexicano* at Milán 18, is contemporary in both design and choice of shows, inside the shell of an ancient house.

Galería de Arte Contemporáneo, Ambarces 12. Oils and drawings by Olga Costa. Open 11 am. to 7:30 pm.

Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18. An exhibition of the work of the well known Mexican painter Carlos Orozco Romero. Open 10 am to 7 pm.

Galería Proteo, Génova 34. Main gallery will feature works by the internationally famed sculptor and draftsman, Mathías Goeritz; the young Mexican artist José Luis Cuevas fresh from recent Stateside triumphs; and Felipe Orlando and Enrique Climent, modernists of the older generation who have taught at Mexico City College. Their *Sala de Gráfica Internacional* exhibits work by Picasso, Klee, Tamayo and Frida Kahlo. After November 15: paintings of Rosa Maria Sustaeta, reminiscent of Cezanne. Open 10 am to 2 pm and 4 to 8 pm.

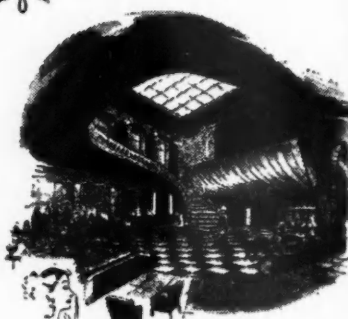
Palace of Fine Arts, Juárez and San Juan de Letrán. An exhibition of works by Leonardo da Vinci; the exhibit of glasswork of the Avalos Brothers will be a holdover. Open 10 am to 5:30 pm, closed Mondays.

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Salón de la Plástica Mexicana, Puebla 154. Sculpture by Asúnsolo, Cabrera, Canessi, Castillo, Cúeto, Ruiz, Tussain, Zúñiga. Open 10 am to 6 pm. Closed Sundays.

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said

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If you are in Monterrey, on your way in or out of Mexico, don't miss Humberto Arellano's shop, the Carapan, for a good over-all selection of the best native crafts. He combs all of Mexico for collectors' items. He also runs the Posada Colonial inn, furnished with utterly charming furnishings and equipped with balcony and patio, which are attached to the shop, and if you stay there you'll thank us.



San Carlos Art School, Academia and Emiliano Zapata. Exhibition of posters and other commercial art.

MUSIC

National Symphony Orchestra. Final concerts of the autumn season scheduled for November 4 and 6, conductor Luis Herrera de la Fuente who has just returned from triumphs in Peru. Program: Beethoven's *Lenore Overture*; Brahms' *Concerto N° 1* for piano and orchestra, soloist Stella Contreras; a Mexican work, to be announced; Shostakovich's *Tenth Symphony*. The first program (Friday) begins at 9 pm, the second (Sunday) at 11:15 am. Tickets at the Palace of Fine Arts box office and at J. M. Marroqui 28, office 405.

Lerner Quartet. Return of this famous string quartet with violinist Higinio Ruvalcaba and violist Herbert Froelich replacing deceased members. Palace of Fine Arts, Sala Manuel M. Ponce. Further data to be announced.

THEATER

In English

Bus Stop. William Inge's current Broadway hit will be put on by Players, Inc., local English-language repertory company. The author of *Come Back Little Sheba* maroons some assorted characters, including a romantic cowboy, in a small mid-

western dinette overnight. Robert Wing directs a cast which includes Dolly Gottlieb, Michael Keogh, Richard Brown and Jean Boyd. Opens November 15. Villalongín 32. 25-31-56. Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 pm.

Openings

El Proceso de los Inocentes. A play involving sexual jealousy between a mother and daughter translated from the Italian of Carlo Terrone. María Teresa Rivas, Virginia Gutiérrez and Carlos Agosti will star, Salvador Novo will direct. Teatro de la Capilla, Madrid 13, Coyoacán. 10-53-80. Check papers for date and times.*

*Since all times are subject to change, it is always a good idea to check the papers or call the theaters.

Los Justos. Translation of Albert Camus' existentialist drama. Ofelia Guillmain, Mario Orea and Carlos Bribiesca are the principal actors in this University Theater production; director André Moreau. Caballito Theater, Rosales 26. 21-16-50. Premiere slated for the third week in October. Times to be announced.

Mi Marido es un Asesino. A delightful suspense comedy by Clemente Soto Alvarez. Jaime Fernández has the lead; Salomón Wallerstein will direct. Teatro del Globo, París 26. 35-73-83. Date and time indefinite.

Don Juan Tenorio. Traditional Spanish melodrama by José Zorrilla will be performed as usual during the first week in November. Associated with the Day of the Dead because of the plethora of corpses resurrected in the last act, it will be put on this year at the Granero Theater. Check papers for further details.

Rapsodia de la Revolución. A super spectacle dealing with the history of the Mexican Revolution from Porfirio Díaz to Obregón, with a cast of 3,000, including army units. Sponsored by the Ministry of Education under the over-all direction of Efrén Orozco and Angel Salas; Fernando Torre Lapham is the dramatic director, Luis Sandi is the musical director, and the choreography is in the hands of a team headed by Elena Noriega. National Auditorium, Paseo de la Reforma, November 20. For times and prices call 20-58-36.

Showing

Anna Christie. Translation of one of Eugene O'Neill's early sea plays. With film stars Silvia Pinal, Felipe Montoya and Wolf Rubinsky in the major roles; direction by Tulio Demicheli. Teatro 5 de Diciembre, Lucerna and Lisboa. 36-51-55. Monday through Friday 7:30 and 9:45 pm; Saturdays 6 and 9:45 pm; no performance Tuesdays.

Desnúdese, Señora. This long-playing farce by Michel André is in its tenth month. The lovely Celia D'Alarcón, heading her own company, is largely responsible for its success. Directed by Raúl Zenteno. Sala Ró-



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dano, Ródano 17. 11-10-94. Tuesday through Saturday 7:30 and 9:45 pm; Sundays at 4:30 pm.

El Amor de un Extraño. Spanish version of Agatha Christie's spine-chilling *Love from a Stranger*. Emperatriz Carvajal and Francisco Jambrina starring, José de J. Aceves directing. Caracol Theater, Cuba 87. 21-71-55. Weekdays 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 7:30 pm.

El Deseo. Jesús Cárdenas' adaptation of O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*. María Douglas stars and Xavier Rojas directs. Teatro Círculo, Veracruz 24. 11-44-74. Thursday and Friday at 8 pm; Saturday and Sunday at 7:15 and 9:30 pm.

Gigolo. Another record-breaking translation of a French farce, this time by Paul Gerdaldy, in its sixteenth month. Ignacio Navarro and Ema Arvizu in the leads, Víctor Moya directing. Gante Theater, Gante 12. 21-27-51. Daily, except Thursdays, at 7:15 and 9:45 pm.

La Otra Orilla. Spanish suspense comedy by J. López Rubio set in present-day Mexico, with the movie stars Lucy Gallardo, Víctor Junco, Luis Aldás and Crox Alvarado. Julián Soler directs. Arena Theater, Ignacio Ramírez 25. 36-42-98. Weekdays 7:30 and 9 pm; Sundays 5, 7:30, 10 pm.

Las Palabras Cruzadas. A new work by the brilliant young Mexican playwright Emilio Carballido, this won the *El Nacional* prize for 1954. Virginia Manzano and Miguel Ángel Ferriz are starred; Fernando Wagner is directing. Teatro de la Comedia, Villalongín 32. 28-56-38. Weekdays 7:15 and 10 pm; Sundays 5 and 7:45 pm.

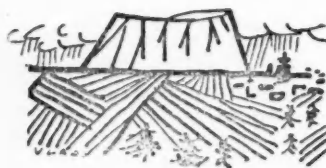
Malá Semilla. Spanish version of Maxwell Anderson's current Broadway hit *The Bad Seed*. Rita Macedo plays the haunted mother; the role of the murderous moppet is divided between 8-year-old Angélica María (matinéas) and 9-year-old María Rojo (nights). Jesús Valero directs. Fábregas Theater, Donceles 24. 13-39-60. Weekdays 7 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 4:15, 7 and 9:45 pm.

Nina. A farce by André Roussin, author of *The Little Hut*, translated into Spanish. Stars Nadia Haro Oliva and Carlos Riquelme, director Francisco Petrone. Arlequín Theater,

Villalongín 26. 36-86-73. Tuesday through Saturday 7:30 and 9:45 pm; Sunday 7 and 9:30 pm.

Pas de Quatre (Conflicto Entre Mujeres). Three of Mexico's leading theater, movie and TV stars, Carmen Montejo, Anita Blanch and Andrea Palma, and the enchanting Tana Lynn play the parts of four women suspected of lesbianism. Sala Chopin, Insurgentes and Puebla. 28-64-21. Wednesday through Sunday 7:15 and 9:45 pm.

Tres en Jaque. Translation of L. Du Garde-Peach's drawing room comedy about a woman who enjoys acquiring men. Marilú Elizaga and Ignacio López Tarso are in the leads, director is Salvador Novo. Caballito Theater, Rosales 26. 21-16-50. Weekdays at 7 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm; closed Wednesdays.



Utopía. Teresa Casuso's comedy about a girl from another planet who brings Earth a message of love, and meets the usual reception. Irma D'Elías is the girl and Xavier Rojas directs. Free tickets at the Pánuco Theater, Pánuco 10. 14-49-28. Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 pm; Sundays 5:30 and 8:30 pm.

Vaudeville and Burlesque. Follies Bergere, G. Leyva 41; Teatro Margo, Aquiles Serdán 14; Tivoli, Libertad 9; Iris, Donceles 36. During the first week of November these theaters put on skits based on *Don Juan Tenorio* (see above) in which prominent figures are lampooned.

HORSES

Racing — every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at the Hipódromo de las Américas, one of the world's most beautiful tracks. Celebrated local horses like *Don Rebelde*, *Script Writer*, *Naranjal* and *Flotando* will be racing against thoroughbreds from Chile, Argentina, France, Ireland and the U.S. The first race

is always at 2:15 pm. This month's big race is the Classic 20th of November Stakes on November 20 for 3-year-olds and up at 7½ furlongs, for a 30,000 peso added purse.

Charreadas — Mexican style rodeo, with bullriding and dogging, rope-spinning and various equestrian feats. Especially colorful for the traditional embroidered costumes, the beautiful women and horses. Charreadas take place every Sunday from 11 am to 2 pm at the following rings:

Rancho de la Tapatía, Calzada Molino del Rey.

Rancho del Charro, Ejército Nacional at Schiller.

Rancho Grande de la Villa, at "Green Indians" entrance from the Laredo Highway.

BULLFIGHTS

November is a fairly anomalous month in bullfighting, with exhibitions, *mano a manos* (two-man competitions) and other stop-gaps between Little, or *novillero*, season and the Big, or professional, one. The Big Season should start at the end of November or early in December. Rings:

Plaza México, Av. Insurgentes. The world's largest bullring with a capacity of 55,000. Sunday *corridos* start promptly at 4 pm. Tickets on sale at Izazaga 23. And at the Plaza after 2 pm Sunday.

El Toreo, at Cuatro Caminos. Sundays at 4 pm. Tickets at the América Parking Lot, Juárez 42, from 10 am on, and at the ring Sundays after 2 pm.

El Cortijo, Damasco 55, Colonia Romero Rubio, near Central Airport. (Tel. 36-28-37 or 24-78-07). This is a tiny ring with considerable tauromaquian atmosphere, an adjacent bullfight museum, and a typically Mexican restaurant. *Novillada* fights take place Sundays at 4:30 pm. Tickets on sale at the ring. In connection with this ring there is a school for bullfighters, with classes Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For further information phone Sr. Ysunza at above number.

SPORTS

American Football — has been taking some giant strides in popularity among Mexican youth in the last few years. The annual classic November 12, between the National University and Politechnic Institute can fill the University City Stadium's 125,000 seats. And partisan feelings are as ferocious as they are in pro soccer. Tickets are 5 pesos and can be acquired at the stadium.

Baseball — This year's Winter League, which lasts 20 weeks, should provide some excitement for the fans. Cleveland's hard-hitting 2nd baseman, Beto Avila, will play for and manage his own club, the Mexico City Reds; the Yankee Scooter Phil Rizzuto will probably be managing Puebla; and other U.S. major leaguers are expected to participate. Games will take place at the Social Security Park, corner Cuauhtémoc and Obrero Mundial, November 3-6, 10-13, 17-20 and 24-27. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:15 pm, Saturdays at 3:15 pm and Sundays at 11:30 am. Tickets on sale at the park.

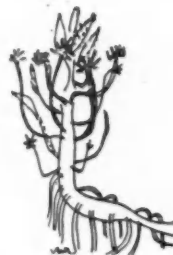
Boxing — Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Every Wednesday and Saturday at 9 pm; 2 preliminaries, 2 semifinals and a major bout. There's a possibility of a championship fight for the flyweight crown this month between Fili Nava and Memo Diez, who recently won the title from the U.S. champ. Tickets at box office.

Frontón (Jai-Alai) — the fastest game in the world with exciting betting (which you'll understand if you read our September issue.) At *Frontón México*, corner Ramos Arizpe and Plaza de la República, Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30 pm. Three games, 2 *quinielas* and a daily double. Spanish pros. At *Frontón Colón*, Ignacio Ramírez 15, daily except Friday at 4:30 pm, pretty Basque girls play three matches of *frontenis* (they use rackets instead of baskets).

Polo — at the *Campo Anáhuac*, Chapultepec, every Sunday at noon. Mexico, which ranks with Argentina and U.S. among the top three countries at this sport, has invited crack teams from abroad to par-

ticipate in the current season's matches. Tickets on sale at Barcelona 15. For further information phone 36-58-14.

Tennis — toward the beginning of November the National Tennis Championships will take place to make up the team which will represent Mexico in the '56 Olympics. Mexican stars such as Gustavo Palafox, Mario Llamas, Esteban Reyes, the Ramirez sisters (Mela and



Yola) and Rosa María Reyes will compete for places on the team. At the Chapultepec Sporting Club. Watch the papers for dates and times.

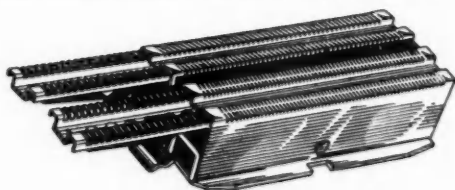
Wrestling — Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Grunt-and-groan is as popular in Mexico now as it was in the States ten years ago. Masked heroes punish bearded villains every Friday at 9:30 pm, Sundays at 5 pm. Tickets at the box office.

LORE

Cockfights — specially bred birds and a quantity of pesos are risked every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at San Bartolo Naucalpan, 10 miles beyond the suburb of Tacuba.

Costumes — Mexico's colorful regional dress exhibited in style shows, plus a lecture on the correct wearing of the reboso. Wednesdays at 9 pm at the *Sala Riveroll*, Colón 35.

Dances — native dances in costume every Friday at 9 pm at the *Circulo Rodem* (Rotary Club), Londres 15. For reservations phone 25-09-20. The *Mexican Dance Fiesta* takes place in Chapultepec Park every Sunday at noon. Regional dances are performed with zest and charm by the Dance Group of the National Institute for Mexican Youth.



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People are said to get their sense of values mixed up at times. We conclude that value is a degree of preference for something which has subjective utility or gives subjective gratification. Hence the high value given by us to our own ideas, or to the ideas of others if we can use them.

We are blessed to live at a time when new styles are being widely and radically devised. The new styles are criticized, of course, by the ancients. We should not forget, though, that so long as old styles are followed they too, are modern, although criticized by the moderns.

The other day we visited three factories. One was controlled by the government, another by a foreign company, and the third by members of a single family. Having heard criticisms on the ownership of all three, we wanted to investigate. We didn't actually see any ownership during our visits, and we got the uniform impression that the machinery didn't care who owned it. The products of the capital goods seemed to share the same indifference.

We need to be constantly reminded that each of us has a different viewpoint, conditioned by his work or his idleness, from the other. Our Editor supplied such a reminder the other day when we referred to our typewriter as a percussion instrument. To her mind, the typewriter is a reperussion instrument.

Angus

Letters

HIEROGLYPH

Dear Miss Brenner,

The homemade hieroglyph in your October issue is a: *well-paved runway*.

As I am already a subscriber to your excellent magazine, maybe you could send the Dollar to the Red Cross for the Tampico victims, in case I am correct.

Sincerely yours,
Claude A. Crommelin
México, D. F.

Gentlemen:

In reference to your Homemade Hieroglyph in the October issue, my guess is that the hieroglyph means: "Your dollar will go farther in Mexico."

Your magazine looks quite interesting, and if my guess should happen to be correct, I would be very happy to win a six months' subscription.

Sincerely,
Shirley M. Johannesma
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Miss Brenner:

My dollar herewith for *Mexico This Month*. I like the magazine and can't resist my curiosity about your October "Homemade Hieroglyph." What does it mean?

Caroline T. Frisbie
Great Neck, L. I.



Running up a Bill.

See How Easy?

OLD MEXICO HAND

My dear friends:

Tomorrow evening it will be exactly forty-five years since I stood in the Zócalo and watched Porfirio Díaz ap-

pear on the balcony and perform "The Grito." Much has happened to Mexico and the whole world since then... Do I like the country, the people and the extreme courtesy shown even in small towns? The answer is loudly, a hundred times, *yes*.

Very sincerely yours,
William A. Staats
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Miss Brenner:

Indeed you may add my name to your list of subscribers. This is a most worthwhile publication and I am recommending it to everyone.

Sincerely yours,
Agnes M. Brady, Asso. Professor
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

ORCHID ORCHARD

Dear Sirs:

I am thoroughly enjoying *Mexico This Month*, and my students with me. I do not have Nos. 1 and 2 and would like a copy of each. I do not want to miss a single copy.

All the articles have an unusual interest. Could we have more articles on games and foods? Such as *Jai-Alai*, *The Volador*, and *Mangoes*? I am using the Michoacán (July) article at school, and would love a series on each state.

This magazine should and will achieve wide acclaim.

Sincerely,
A. Louise Bomar
Paschal High School
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Anita Brenner:

What a magnificent job you are doing with *Mexico This Month*! Suppose no one should be surprised at that, though. Continued success to you.

Sincerely, Babs Lamb
Volunteer Worker, Consejo de Información para la Madre Mexicana
Tenancingo, México

person to person

IN THIS ISSUE

November traditionally marks the opening of the major bullfighting season. Here is a timely account of the big moment, *La Hora de la Verdad*, by A. C. McLellan, a Latin from Scotland, who ran many a bullring himself but has now taken on the more difficult chore of running the sovereign State of Texas...

Foreigners are usually rocked to their bones by a first glimpse of Mexico's Day of the Dead. Donald Demarest points out that candy skulls and picnics on graves have U.S. and European counterparts...

William Spratling, the man who made Taxco and modern Mexican silver famous, describes the town as he knew it 25 years ago...

and

Our Regular Features

MEXICO / this month
Vol. I, N° 8 November 1955

EDITOR, Anita Brenner

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Having been ordered recently to go into a state described as "complete repose," we made some discoveries along the lines of business practices, the wonder of.

For instance, we had been often advised that the secret of good organization and successful management is to delegate authority. (Our infancy in the business world is pretty obvious, and we are given good advice by almost everyone we meet.) The wonder of "delegating authority," however, had never fully dawned on us until we had to do it.



It is the same as passing the buck; but seen as something you ought to do, under a dignified name, rather than as reprehensible, it changes character entirely. And "organization," we learned, just means somebody to pass the buck to, down the line. Somebody who has to take it.

One great necessity of organization is somebody to take the blame. This is so terrifying to most people that as a rule, almost anything in the way of suffering or loss is preferable. Since things do go wrong in any "operation," one's organization is apt to be disrupted, crippled and demoralized unless proper provision has been made for this blame business.

There is an advertising agency in town, so we're told, that has an employee whose sole occupation is to take the blame for anything gone wrong. The other employees are thus freed of all the complex emotions that come from feeling guilty, or to blame, and the head of the concern preserves his godlike position of infallibility, necessary to confidence and credit.

This is a fine gimmick. We've asked Angus to look around among the angels, and find us one, a reasonable priced type, to take over.

New to our staff in this issue is Carlos Basurko, who has taken on the job of keeping our readers meticulously informed on musical persons and events. We first heard of Basurko from one of our runners, who brought in this report:

"A serious, punctilious young man, a Spaniard, a Basque refugee — a watch-maker by profession, as Espinosa was a worker in glass, but a musician as Borodin was a doctor and chemist, devoted to music, playing that rare instrument the viola. Unfortunately in his private life, almost without friends, he goes adventuring to New York.

"There he washes dishes and dedicates himself to hard labor. In a lazy moment he composes music. He writes a composition for a trio. A musical society presents this work and he is surprised that it is played and that it is a success.

"This man's name is Carlos Basurko. More compositions are demanded of him. He writes a quartet and a thick concert. For some time his only instrument, the viola, has been in a pawn shop...



"He writes and achieves success; they present his works in Chicago and Lyon (France); in Geneva they beg for his music so they can publish it, but he never hears it, he has never been able to hear it. It's not that he is deaf as Beethoven was when they premiered his 9th... it's that all this takes place so far away and he simply can't go to Chicago, Lyon or Geneva. And he works in a watch shop on Madero street in Mexico.

"For a musician this is nothing extraordinary, perhaps, but for us, who are somewhat sentimental, well, this makes a certain impression on us, and perhaps it will on you!"



AVE: During last month's comparative tourist lull, the visiting firemen included some big chiefs: Mario Lanza—who seems to have been suspended as long as the Brooklyn Bridge—made his peace with Hollywood by coming down here to film Cain's *Serenade* with our own luscious Sarita Montiel (but was refused the ultimate scepter of *Bellas Artes*); *El Duque* Wayne arrived on a business trip. The Circus, battling bureaucratic and transportation red tape, never showed. But Howard University's *Porgy and Bess* did to enormous acclaim—"best ambassadors in years." And even the elusive Garbo was expected.

ATQUE: After a couple of magazines' unresearched knocks, it was pleasant to read *Esquire's* Mexican Love Letter for November. Helen Lawrenson, the blonde bombshell who almost singlehanded wrecked the Good Neighbor Policy—and occasioned more diplomatic notes than United Fruit with her *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* for the same magazine in the late '30s—atoned by finding Mexico a sort of female Mahometan Heaven. We predict that a lot of high school teachers will be cancelling their European trips in favor of this one. Reluctantly we must assure them that they don't have to take rabies shots before booking a table at Versailles.

VALE: Most of this month's *despedidas* must be matched with *mariachi* greetings before the ink is dry on this column. *Mañanitas* for Alan Taulbee, back from Miami and arranging Mexico's American Legion float (we'd like to see a photo of the girl who played Ixtacchiuatl, boy!). Cowbells must be mixed with the greeting for Minister Plenipotentiary O'Dwyer who advised the Dodgers to secede to Mexico if they lost the Series. D. D.

News and Comment

HURRICANES

On September 5 a Gulf storm, which observers had said would probably spare Mexico, changed direction and moved in over Tampico. It drenched the port city and swept on to Mexico City, flooding low regions, driving thousands from their homes, and filling the country's dams to overflowing. A nine-year drought was ended, and Mexico had its greatest water reserve in history.

As the swollen rivers of the east coast rushed towards the sea, new storm warnings were posted. The pounding rains never ceased, and the turbulent Pánuco River rose five feet as another small storm swept in over Tampico. Hundreds of families were evacuated in the worst flood in 22 years.

The rains continued, and the Pánuco continued to rise. Tampico found itself

of them from a nearby town that had been completely covered by the flood.

On September 16, while most of Mexico picnicked to celebrate Independence Day, hurricane Hilda smashed face-on into Tampico. Winds lashed the city; pounding waves and rising tide forced the Pánuco floodwaters back to inundate new areas. Hilda hurled inland to beat herself out against the mountains 150 miles away, while the tail of the storm continued to deluge the city.

New floodwaters raced down the mountains to strike at Tampico from behind, and a catastrophic flood engulfed the city, now cut off by wind and water from all communication. Observers said 90 per cent of the port was destroyed; at least 30,000 were homeless. Inland in Valles, 10,000 of the 15,000 population had lost their homes. Dead and injured were calculated by thousands; reporters who flew over the area said the exact number "would never be known due to the greatness of the catastrophe."

While Tampico fought rising waters, hurricane Janet, which grew in 24 hours from a cluster of gales into a 115-mile per hour hurricane, began an ominous march into the Caribbean. Leaving death and destruction on Barbados and Grenada, she swept close to the oil-laden islands off Venezuela and began to build up greater force as she struck towards Nicaragua. She veered northward, giving herself 350 miles of raging open sea to build her giant strength still more, and aimed straight at the Yucatán peninsula.

On September 27, Janet swept across Yucatán, wiping out Chetumal, the 20,000-population capital of the state of Quintana Roo. She left one building standing and uncounted hundreds of dead to be burned in a common grave. As she drove on across the peninsula, she destroyed the centuries-old forests of mahogany and chicle that were the region's economy.



Drawing by Cabral, from *Novedades*

virtually isolated, and the population became increasingly alarmed as the situation worsened by the hour. The city water supply failed; public squares and markets went under water. Refugees rushed to Tampico, hundreds



Drawing by Arias Bernal, from *Excelsior*

With undiminished winds, she set out towards Veracruz, veered yet again, and struck close to Nautla, near Tampico. She blew inland to die on the high mountains, loosing raging floodwaters that raced towards Tampico. Water churned 20 feet above the port's market squares and swirled higher to menace the more than 50,000 refugees crowded into schools and government buildings on higher land. Eighty miles of sea stretched across Tampico.

But meanwhile, another force was at work.

As Mexico fought thirst, starvation and disease, a neighbor to the north went into action in a way that only fellow North Americans had seen before. The Red Cross and Salvation Army moved into the city. Small towns

in Texas began to collect food, clothing and money for Tampico victims. Texas, officially, started praying for Tampico. The Laredo Relief Committee bought 2,000 loaves of bread from a San Antonio bakery — and the baker threw in 4,000 more on his own — to be flown to Tampico in U.S. Air Force planes.

Helicopters took off from Washington, D.C., bound for Tampico. And in from the Gulf steamed the aircraft carrier *Saipan*, commanded by Rear Admiral Milton Miles, with 14-passenger rescue helicopters and tons of food and clothing aboard. U.S. Flying Fortresses set down in Monterrey, to begin a steady shuttle service of food, clothing and medicine to Tampico. A destroyer lay off Chetumal with supplies, and a B-29 began to ferry the

injured of Janet-devastated Yucatán to hospitals.

Towards Tampico went 12 "flying boxcars" from North Carolina with tons of C-rations to be parachuted to survivors. The aircraft carrier *Siboney*, together with the attack and cargo ship *Ogelthorpe*, set full steam for Tampico, baking bread as they went.

On October 6, Mexico City newspapers reported "one of the most dramatic mass evacuations in world history, as U.S. helicopters rescued 3,000 from certain death."

The commander of the Caribbean Task Force, Lt. Gen. William Harrison, Jr., arrived in Tampico to coordinate rescue and aid services, together with U.S. anti-epidemic brigades to stem the typhoid and cholera which had appeared. Daily, new masses of planes arrived to join the shuttle service delivery of food and medicine.

Business, too, did what it could to help. Companies contributed food, medicine, money. Johnson Wax cancelled all debts owed by merchants in stricken areas, and offered credit to re-establish businesses after the waters should recede.

Throughout Mexico, in cities and towns, bars and barbershops, people knew. Here was the Good Neighbor, at work like a good neighbor. Without thought of nationality or old grievances, North Americans and Mexicans worked side by side to save lives.

Mexicans, a proud and quiet people, were deeply grateful. On October 10, as floodwaters began to recede and "Operation Rooftop" grew less urgent, a message in tall white letters appeared on one of the roofs: "God Bless You, U.S. Navy."

A young mother with a basket of supplies boarded a U.S. plane for Tampico, where she would hunt for her two small children and aged mother, not knowing whether they were dead or alive. As the plane neared the port, she took a bottle of tequila and handed it to the pilot.

"Thank you, soldier," she said. She spoke for her country.

The "hour of Truth"

It is a beautiful afternoon with the sun bathing half the arena, and the other half lying in shadow. An incessant light wind stirs the large work capes of the *peones de brega*, hanging over the barrier. The majestic strains of *La Virgen de la Macarena* still hover over the plaza, and the multitude is quietly expectant, as the excited clamoring of the opening procession dies away. The bugle sounds, and the gates swing open to the bull.

He charges into the arena frankly, head high, his beautifully shaped pointed horns held at the ready, nervously eyeing left and right. The murmuring swells to a noisy crescendo. *¡Qué toro!* What a bull! Stout, splendidly muscled, well horned, easily close to a half-ton of weight, yet moving with

clean precision and charging the least flicker of the capes.

The matador moves out from behind the barrier, lightly and as if on his toes like a ballet dancer. The sun flashes on the silver filigree of his "suit of lights." The stiff jacket adds arrogance to the gracefulness of his figure.

Haughtily he faces the bull, unfurling the huge work cape. He profiles and the crowd shouts "*¡Toro, bonito!... ja, toro!*" and as he flicks the *capote*, the black bull charges the waiting man with a malevolent violence, only to be carried past the matador, behind the gracefully moving cape, swinging low and smoothly in the execution of the *veronica*.

Again and again the bull charges

the slight, tinsely figure, glued to the spot, legs slightly apart for balance, leaning into the bull and the pass, as the heavy body hurtles past, is inches only from the body of the man. Calling the bull in again, the matador gathers the folds of the cape up around his waist, and pivots in a quarter circle turning his back on the animal whose charge is brought up short by the maneuver.

The bugle sounds for the *picadores*. They enter on their horses and move into position. Step by step the drama — spectacle — sport — tragedy — proceeds. The matador cites the bull, facing him with his body fully exposed and the cape swung to one side. As the bull lowers its horns to hook the cloth, the cape moves gracefully up and over the bull and the fighter pivots in a half circle to again face the animal as it swings around for its second charge.

Slowly and fluidly the matador moves the bull across the arena, performing pass after beautiful pass. The *picadores* move in again and the bull takes them, each pic unleashing more ferocity in the bull. The crowd roars wildly enthusiastic. *This is a bull!* A bull that can take it and take it, and the punishment only brings out all of his fighting qualities.

The *banderilleros* move in with the darts citing the bull with their voices, starting the quarter circle run, and as the head is lowered to bring up the horns for the hook, they leap, planting their darts high up on the shoulder, and spin gracefully away from the horns.

Now the *brindis*. The matador bares his head and turns to the *palco de la presidencia*, with furred red cape and sword in his right hand, adhering to a century-old ritual, asking permission

Mexican bullfighter Carlos Arruza, during a corrida in Nimes, France, dedicated a bull to a painter in the stands. The painter was Picasso, who did this drawing, *Angelic Bullfight*, for Arruza, thanking him for his faena and thanking the Mexican people for the aid they had given Picasso's Spanish compatriots.



A Carlos Arruza que me brindó su magnífica faena aquí hoy
 28 de Mayo de 1950. Este dibujo es para él y para su
 país, como agradecimiento por la ayuda que me ha dado y por la
 ayuda que me ha dado el pueblo de México. Picasso



Photos Mayo

...a classic kill. The bull is following the muleta and the sword has gone full-
into the vulnerable spot the size of a silver dollar which opens between the bull's
blades when he lowers his head. A moment's distraction from the red flannel
his right horn would enter the matador's belly. Note the latter has lost his right
in the action. Below: death comes to José Rodríguez, Joselillo, during a manolete.
a pass with the muleta held close to the body.



The Spanish ace, Luis Miguel Dominguín, is taking
a triumphal tour of the ring. He holds a bunch
of carnations thrown by an admirer and a game-
cock so that some of Dominguín's courage will
rub off on the bird.



the arts



Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz

Left: The self-portrait of which Sor Juana wrote: "Flattery's preferences try to halt putrescence." Below: The farm village where the "Tenth Muse" was born.

Mexico's greatest poet, whose birthday is celebrated this month, was also one of its greatest and most ranging intellects. Playwright, painter, musician, scientist, Sor Juana was a sort of female Leonardo da Vinci and, as the reader can see from her portrait, very pretty, too.

Juana de Asbaje (later to be dubbed the "tenth muse") was born in a farm house near the two volcanoes. She taught herself to read at the age of 3 and was writing verse before she was 8. (Later she said that when she was a child she thought everybody wrote poetry.) In 1669 she took her final vows as a Jeromite nun, and it was in the convent that she wrote most of her poetry and did most of her studying. Even in her most menial kitchen tasks she was continuously carrying out scientific experiments. "If Aristotle had known how to cook," she once said, "he would have written even more than he did."

One of her most famous poems is the sonnet to her self-portrait (now in the Philadelphia Museum; the one reproduced here is a copy by Miguel Cabrera). She addressed it as "cunning cheat of the senses."



The Devil, by William Sturdevant, from the artist's short and successful show last month at the Mexican North American Institute.

MUSIC

During the month of November, music lovers in Mexico can expect to see two events of top importance: the reappearance of the Lener Quartet, and the premiere in this country of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony.

The outstanding Lener Quartet, whose versions of the great classic and romantic string quartets form part of the record libraries of important music conservatories throughout Europe and the United States, where they are used as models of ideal interpretation, was forced to terminate its activities some years ago because of the death of two of its members.

With characteristic professional zeal, the two remaining members refused to give up the valuable work the group had done to promote chamber music. After spending considerable time audi-

(Continued on page 22)

DEAD MEN'S DAY



José Guadalupe Posada, popular and brilliant political lampooner, was a product of Mexico's Golden Age of Engraving, which flourished with the 1910 Revolution. Posada, with a tiny press of his own, and also through the pages of the widely read and strongly persecuted newspaper, *El Hijo del Ahuizote*, ridiculed important people and commented on events with scathing cartoons of skulls and skeletons. Forgotten after the Revolution, his work was rediscovered years later as brilliant symbols of an age, attitude and art. Above, his *Elegant Skull*.

The Day of the Dead in Mexico is something of a shock to most Anglo-Saxons, because death is neither a joking matter nor a very personal one in our countries. The wake and the bullfight are equally alien to our temperaments. Death, like poverty, is something to be hidden away and forgotten as quickly as possible — something to be cleaned up and romanticized.

Actually the Mexican celebration of All Souls — in spite of its interesting Aztec and Mayan embellishments — is in the direct European tradition. Posada is a descendant of Durer with his Dances of Death and his skeletal warnings to Princes; gruesome candy is a French invention; the Mexican practice of lovers exchanging sugar skulls with the beloved's name is the contemporary equivalent of Marvell's poem *To His Coy Mistress* — a hint that:

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

And the license provided by the broadsheet *calaveras*, and the vaudeville sketches which lampoon politicians and other big shots in terms of what sort of corpses they'll make, come from the same kind of medieval *Memento Mori*: Death as the Great Leveller. (Several years ago a *calavera* suggested that the then President Alemán would make a distinguished and distinguishable corpse because of his handsome teeth.)

As a matter of fact, the Mexican

Choreographer Guillermo Arriaga takes the part of Death in his *The Dream and the Presence* ballet, an imaginative handling of Dead Men's Day theme.





Above: 'Calaveras' appearing by Pasadena; left to right, The Calaveras of Don Quixote, Calaveras of the Pandemonium and Criminal Calaveras. (Calaveras are skulls or skeletons, hence cartoons involving them.)
Right: Graveyard scene in Mexico, D. F.

Photo Mayo



Above: A feast for the deceased members of a family in Chiapas. Mourning is reflected by gloom as the faces and streamers indicate. Right: Crowds outside the Dolores Cemetery in Mexico City on All Souls' Day.





Dead men's Day

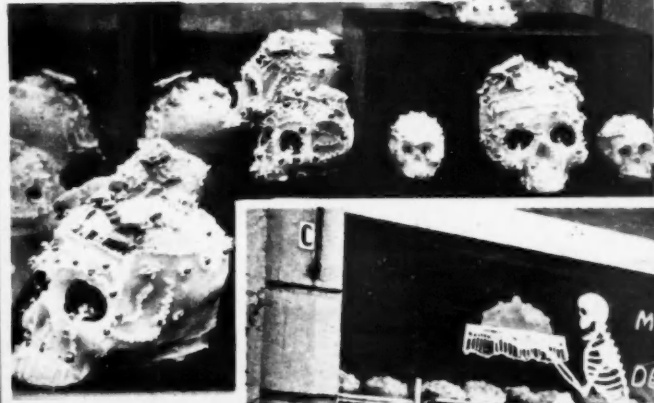


celebration of All Souls is echoed in a good many Italian and Spanish villages. One of its closest equivalents occurs in our own New Orleans, where families troop out to the cemeteries armed with baskets of food and bottles of the best to spend a day with their dear departed.

In remoter Louisiana villages, Cajun families keep all night vigils with candles and food for their dead. (Which, like the Mexicans, they realistically consume themselves next morning.)

The keynote is realism. The question is which is saner, Hollywood's *Fair-lawn* or Mexico's *Panteón de Dolores*; the desperate attempt to bury the dead or the idea that they're still with us; table-tapping or offering picnics; William Hearst's tabu against death being mentioned in any of his periodicals or the Mexican emphasis on it; Byron's romantic drinking from a skull or Mexican children's greedy sucking on candy equivalents?

Octavio Paz—Mexico's greatest living poet, and one of the world's—said: "Love of life, if it is truly profound and far-reaching, implies love of death. The two are inseparable. A civilization which denies death ends up by denying life."



Dead Men's Bread is offered to the deceased. Center: skulls to decorate altars for the dead. Right: a satirical cartoon "The Best Dead Men's Bread".



Photo Marilu Pease

Designer Rita Tillett uses yellow manta (heavy handwoven cotton) for a slender sheath; tops it with a tent coat of striped manta in yellow, charcoal, coral and blue. Three-quarter length raglan sleeves fit closely, can be pushed up to wear with long gloves. Manta, favorite fabric of top Mexican sportswear designers, comes in medium-to-heavy weights, tweed to linen textures, sand to sunset colors. Good stores guarantee color fastness and minimum shrinkage. Dress and matching coat at Jim Tillett, Reforma 124 and Niza 39.

Winter cottons

DESIGNERS USE TWEEDY HANDWOVENS IN PARIS AND INDIAN-INSPIRED STYLES

Charcoal nubby tweed manta makes a rich and slender two-piece dress for morning to afternoon wear. Fitted overblouse is cuffed for hip emphasis. Jim Tillett. Bag from Maya de México.



Photo Marilu Pease

Cuffed pirate pants and overblouse in blood red and sand are copied after apparel of early Veracruz pirates. Maya de México, Reforma 122, Madero 29.



Photo Alice Reiner



Tachi Castillo uses tweedy gray cotton for a fully flared, front-gathered skirt; adds black and white foxes in exquisitely embroidered wool.



Inspired by the Chamula Indians of Chiapas, a teenager's delight: giant manta triangle finished with huge tufts of bright yarn. Tachi Castillo, Juárez and Revillagigedo, Londres 164 and in Taxco.

from Mexico

Photo Alice Reiner



Coarse black manta is precisely tailored in this fully-lined suit. Jacket dips away from a pretend-open front, with blazing white buttons and just-for-trim buttonholes, to low back, belted over hips. Suit, wool-and-leather handbag, earrings at Jim Tillett. Soldier guards historic Chapultepec Castle, where all photographs were taken.

Taxco



Drawing by S. Conde

Editors' note: Taxco, "gem of Colonial architecture" and "silver capital of Mexico," is without doubt the country's best known small town to the thousands of tourists who have visited it and scrambled up and down its winding cobblestoned streets. Just off the new Mexico City-Acapulco super highway, the town is host to visitors the year round, and gathers immense crowds during such special celebrations as Silver Week, late in June; Holy Week, and Christmas posadas. Temperate climate, fine hotels and unspoiled Colonial character all play their part in Taxco's popularity. But most important is the silver which has made the town famous, crafted by hundreds of artisans and sold in scores of shops.

Once Taxco was just another town. William Spratling was one of a group of intellectuals who lived there because it was beautiful. He alone saw possibilities in its dead mines and unused craftsmen. He founded the first taller; trained the artisans; publicized the town. Here is Taxco as he saw it 25 years ago, and as he describes it.

The houses of the town are shining and compact, a study in red and white and green. The poverty and simplicity of it goes all unsuspected. Each house, resolving the problem of an odd corner, the sudden declivity of a *barranca* or a spur of virgin rock, has resulted individually. Yet the whole has that same unity of growth which exists in plants. For this reason people like to refer to it as "picturesque," as an "elegant example of the colonial," "ravishing," and so on. Two thirds of its houses are of unplastered adobe or palm-thatched *jacal*. But it is difficult to see these for the church. They melt into the rocky wilderness above and below the town.

Seen from above, the highway through town, the *camino real*, is a twisted vine, with tendrils. In the center, with the thick trees of the plaza forming a single green circlet at its base, blooms the architectural brilliance

of the church for a flower. It is a product of the inefficiently integrated colonization of short-sighted Spanish colonials and it long since ceased to be expressive of life here.

The people of this town have had power and money, or some of them had. They have been exploited, exiled, brought back to new possibilities. Potentialities do remain. Here was the first source of precious metal for the conquerors in New Spain. Its hills are still thickly veined with silver and the wild mountains of this region are the richest part of a vast uncharted mine called the state of Guerrero. The paradox is that neither the Mexicans nor the foreigners ever did much more than continue the earliest diggings, in the same way that they never did anything toward developing the vast regions of Mexico which lay in the hot country, and the town is still poor and in place of accumulated wealth there are now only perpetually hopeful old men. Circumstances have intervened.

The old gentleman who brings charcoal in the late afternoon shows me samples of ore. So does the white-bearded old Marcelino Alemán when I go to see him about his idols. Casually I ask, more for the sake of his interest than mine, where the samples are from. Over there! — over there! with a wave of a withered old paw toward the mountains. He has had them so long that he is vague as to sources. But he has not lost faith in an Ultimate Abundance. Blas Vela, my companion on various minor explorations, has gold mines in Tlaxmaloc. The wall of the gallery above his humble garden is filled with crystal bits that show silver, of rust-red rocks that glint with gold and there are even a few geometric, pale amethysts.

On my balcony are samples of ore placed alongside the conch and the potted geraniums. The postmaster uses them for paperweights. Children play store with ore specimens from their father's table.

One begins to think of the town itself as a sample of mineralized Mexico — its

history a collection of shining veins running through the grey of an ungenerous past.

There is something complete and self-contained about the place. For a long time, during a period of inaccessibility and lack of means for working mines, it was literally forgotten — even by Mexico City. That could easily happen again without any more serious results than before. Their problems remain the same. World economic depressions mean little here and if the exchange goes sky high — it has little to do with them, who deal in centavos. The men, the older ones, live in the future of their mines, awaiting the day when good living will again be universal and one can drink French wine instead of Taxco water. They are quite innocent of Mr. Chase's Machine Age — even though the business of becoming a mechanic fascinates most of the young *pelados* who hang about the plaza.

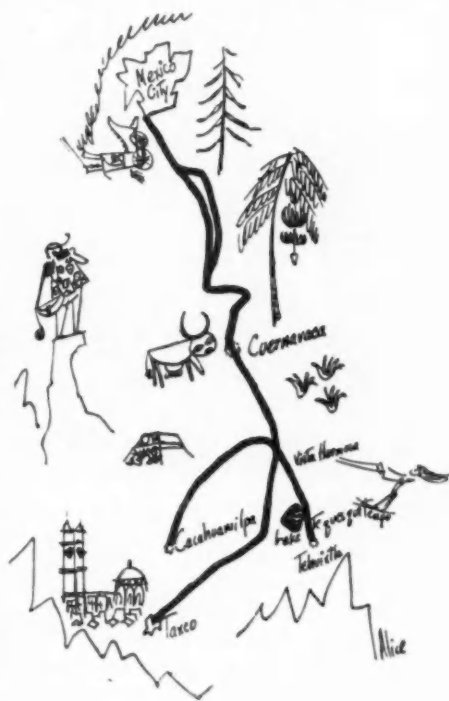
The lives of the women here are the same as the lives of women in every other small town in Mexico. Marriage, for the poor, is nothing to worry about. Women bear children regardless. The part of their lives which is not absorbed in bearing children, in keeping the straw mats rolled in the daytime and unfurled at night, in keeping the pot boiling and the corn prepared for the day's *torcillas*, is given rhetorically and completely to the church. Young, they are frequently beautiful; but they become old suddenly. The events of a faintly luminous electric light system and a motor-driven mill for making their corn into *masa*, have had little effect on their daily life. Fashions, movies, time-saving devices mean nothing.

When José de la Borda came here in 1717 what might this town have been like? Probably it was a much smaller and more purely Indian village, economically self-sufficient. They would have used their precious metals solely for adornment. Perhaps it was no more than a *cuadrilla*, as they call those villages of four or five families which have their houses on as many hills.

Borda used only the name of the town he found, and, in the accumulated power and riches of his untiring exploitation, built this. He did it well. It would take a vigorous nature and one more uncompromising than that of the native Indian to conceive a city on these tortuous slopes. Not only was the town built to the order of Borda, but the wild and desert wastes of Guerrero were pierced with hundreds of kilometers of laboriously cobbled roads with walls. All that to produce wealth for one energetic and domineering little foreigner. Mexico's single function in those days was to serve as a source for such fortunes. Even the church claimed the right to accumulate... Borda feared God and the Church, and he placated the Virgin with lovely structures of pink stone and azure tiles. Therefore, this town.

As I sit in the plaza in the late afternoons the scene varies only in details. The little stands and the line of old women who sit on the cobbles,

(Continued on page 24)



ACAPANTZINGO

Though Acapantzingo is only a stone's throw from Cuernavaca it has not been completely absorbed by the growth and strength of the mother city. My neighbors still wear white cotton trousers and loose shirts, and the women gracefully swathe their heads in rebozos. Their homes, small mud-block houses, are built in the heart of the orchards, protected from the

house — a place where he could relax and take refuge from the cares of state. The palace (not far from my own ramshackle home) called *La Casa del Olvido* — The House of Forgetfulness — now in total ruin, became his haven of rest and many easy-going holidays were spent there in the company of intimate friends of both sexes. Rumor has it that Carlota sel-

tion ditches that form the boundary from one property to another. Men go to the fields and tend their crops. The women look after their children and their homes. Baking tortillas takes up most of the morning and the patter of their hands as they slap the *masa* into shape is wafted through the breeze in a pleasant, rhythmical sound.

The monotony of village life is



sun by huge *mamey* trees or scented by the sweet odor of ripe *guayabas*.

History for some strange reason marked Acapantzingo for its own from the time that Maximilian of Austria selected one of the large orchards as the place in which to build a country

dom accompanied her husband to Acapantzingo. Perhaps she stayed away through jealousy or because she preferred the austere conventions of the court.

Life in the village today glides along as quietly as the water in the irriga-

broken frequently by the numerous church festivals that come to enliven the days. Every well known saint has its day of rejoicing. For the past 14 years and at every one of these occasions, I have been awakened by the swish and pop of firecrackers and

the merry peal of the church bells.

"Why do you have to have so much din and clatter?" I asked the sacristan on an unusually soniferous day.

"How else can the *Señor* in Heaven hear us?" he retorted dryly.

One holiday seems to follow another all through the year and on three different dates, the people of Acapantzingo will bedeck themselves with gay costumes and plumed headgears of brilliant colors. Some of these costumes, though completely out of period, or even authentically wrong, represent the Spanish *Conquistadores* or Saracens, or *matachines*, according to the feast they are celebrating.

These celebrations are usually a mixture of pagan and Christian beliefs, but regardless of the origin, the people leave their huts to enjoy a few hours of pleasure. Laughter fills the air, music, firecrackers and church bells all mingle in one deafening fanfare.

And in the midst of the festivities, the older women take time off to sell *tacos* and spiced *mole* so that the rest of the merrymakers do not have to rush home to supper and thus miss some of the fun. The greater part of these celebrations takes place in the patio of the church and the priests accept the rituals without comment.

"The years have taught me," an old padre commented as we watched a frenzied crowd milling around the church, "that fear and superstition cannot be eradicated from the minds of these people."

Though the village of Acapantzingo, which boasts of about four hundred inhabitants, is under the jurisdiction of the authorities of Cuernavaca, all minor troubles or problems are solved by the *Ayudante*, or the local overseer who has been elected to the post by the villagers themselves. But again over the authority of the *Ayudante* comes the mandate of the *Cacique* of the village. Before the conquest, a *cacique* was a chief in his own right. His will was law. Today the authority of such a ruler no longer exists legally, but the villagers in small settlements

look up to an old timer with reverence and respect. They go to a *cacique* for advice or even for help in time of need.

Family life is given much importance. A man will provide for his wife and children without complaint. At the same time, the women are subjected to every demand and whim of the husband. They cook, wash, help to reap the crops, go to the markets to sell the fruit from their orchards, and vegetables from their *ejidos*, and even then, they have time to bear a child every year. Children are taught to honor and obey their parents implicitly, and a father will maintain his authority over his children for all time.

With the years Acapantzingo is beginning to lose some of its original charm. Civilization is creeping in slowly and on cushioned feet, but it is making itself felt. The women no longer wash their clothes in the irrigation ditches as they used to do, nor do they rinse out the dishes in the flowing streams — pipelines have been installed by the civil authorities, and though the gurgling brooks are disappearing, the infant mortality rate has greatly decreased. The rustic school house with a wide open porch where outdoor classes were held has given place to a modern square building painted in harsh contrasting colors. People from Mexico City are taking an interest in the sleepy little town. And the villagers have had to move to make room for the city folk.

Inch by inch progress crawls along. Passenger busses which at one time were scarce now run to and from Cuernavaca every half hour, and blatant music from cheap radios jars the quiet atmosphere of the place. Occasionally cars and delivery trucks honk their way through the streets where once only burros frequented. But though the change is noticeable and in time the loveliness of the village will forever disappear, there still remains that slow mode of living and the charm that is so much a part of rural Mexico.

Elsa Larraide

Quote

Worth Remembering

"The Americas are united not only in the celebration of victory, but also in the hours of adversity."

LIC. SALVADOR PINEDA
CONGRESSMAN FROM
MICHOCÁN

in discussing proposed official act of gratefulness to the United States, October 11, 1955.

This advertisement is sponsored as a public service by Cía. Eléctrica de Tampico, S. A.

THE HOUR OF TRUTH (Continued from page 10)

to kill the bull. The *banderilleros* place the bull in "position." The matador signals the assistants to leave the arena. He is alone with his enemy, as it should be. This is the finale, the prelude to *la hora de la verdad*... "the hour of truth" in which the quality of man and beast show up pitilessly.

A change has come over the bull. His movements are heavier, his charges slower. He is on the defensive and *aplomado*, but the latent power is still there. The matador too has changed. The vanity is gone, as is the false arrogance; before him is the reality of the unavoidable dangerous moment, which can bring him glory—or dishonor or death.

He plants his feet solidly. The *muleta* in the right hand spread still farther by the sword is brought up to chest level, the body in profile. With a slight movement of the wrist the *muleta* flicks out at the dangling tip. The bull charges as the cloth moves ahead of the horns, the horns following as if glued to the *muleta*. Pivoting on his toes in quarter circles, the matador draws the glistening body of the bull around him, closer and closer as if in a tightly wound spiral, with the blood-bathed shoulders of the animal brushing the matador's belly and leaving the pearl and silver sheath stained deep red.

The *muleta* is changed to the left hand. The matador now profiles from a more difficult angle. He advances his left leg; the right hand holds the sword aloft and the left arm carries the *muleta* slowly behind the left leg; the entire body is exposed. The *muleta* is moving slowly, swinging from side to side, partially hidden by the matador's legs.

The sight of the exposed body, the *bulto*, gives the bull confidence. He charges, frankly, and in for the legs. The *muleta* moves forward as if to engage the bull's muzzle; it moves back, painfully slow, pulling the head

of the bull with it over the extended leg and out away from the body as the matador lengthens his left arm to its fullest extension, body stretched on tiptoe, and for the moment, behind the horns and safe. Again he cites the bull and it charges in, horns centered on the moving cloth, fractions of an inch from the groin and thigh muscles of the matador.

This is what creates feeling: the closeness between man and beast; an intimacy both physical and spiritual, by which the mood of the tragedy is communicated to all present. There is an awareness of the violence of the bull and of the link between man, beast and death.

Then the *recorte*; the bull fixed, standing with its forefeet close together. The matador lifts the sword in his right hand, bringing it up to eye level. He profiles, sighting along the naked blade of the sword. The left hand and the *muleta* are swung low. The blade lifts slightly to line it up with the small area between the shoulder blades of the bull, the target. The left hand begins to swing in, crossing under the right holding the sword. Leaning forward the matador moves in slowly, sword still up and the left arm moving low and to the right, holding the eye and the head of the bull. He goes in over the horns with all his weight on his right foot.

The sword tip finds the target and, as it begins to penetrate, the bull lifts to meet it. This is the moment, the awful fearful moment, *la hora de la verdad*... the moment of truth. With the body poised over the horns, inches away from death, where any slight lifting of the head would bring up the horns and drive them into the belly, the groin or the thigh with its femoral artery which, once torn, cannot be repaired. The sword penetrates, going in all the way to the hilt, almost perpendicular, and the matador pivots away from the horns and from the weight of the bull, being carried forward by

MUSIC (Continued from page 12)

tioning new talents, they finally signed musicians Higinio Ruvalcaba and Herbert Froelich for the vacant posts. These new strings have managed to surprise even the old members with their talents and ability to blend into the well-remembered harmonic entity of the quartet. On Nov. 8, after a preparatory series of private concerts, the group will present the first of six concerts, to finish on Nov. 24.

In symphonic realms, the Mexican premiere of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony can be considered the outstanding event of the year. Its performance by the National Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of permanent conductor Luis Herrera de la Fuente, will take place in the Palace of Fine Arts on Nov. 4 and 6, the last two concerts of the fall season.

This work, first performed in Leningrad scarcely two years ago, has already achieved fame and unanimous applause from the world's most demanding critics, winning the New York Music Critics' award for the best symphonic work premiered in New York during the 1953-54 season. It is unique among the works of its famous composer in that it is not programmatic.

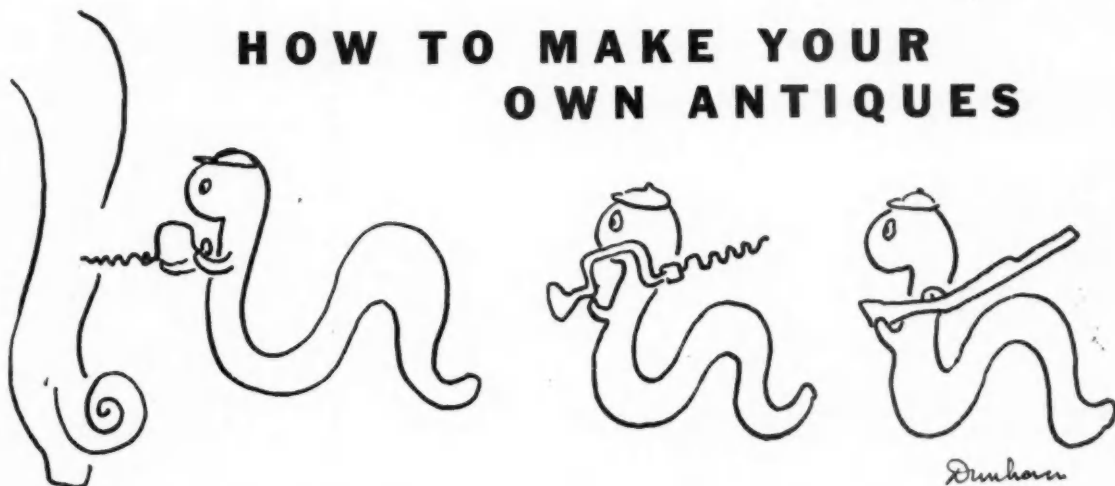
Carlos Basurko

the momentum of the charge. The bull drops to its knees and topples over. The noble beast is dead. The matador is not only alive, but alive with honor.

Death is the third figure in the drama and is what gives it its meaning. The bull dies, nobly or ignobly, to give point to the ritual, whose essence is always tragedy. The bullfighter dies to show the futility, the uncertainty, the unpreparedness, the cowardice or showy valor of the man; and the danger riding on the horns, from the first *tercio* to *la hora de la verdad*, is the "narrator." One of the two, or both, die. This is mandatory; as mandatory as *sol, sangre y seda* — sun, blood and the silks.

A. C. McLellan, Rio Grande City, Texas

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN ANTIQUES



Dunham

To go up a narrow, picturesque alley, and in a shadowed doorway find a shop, a jumble of fascinating objects, and maybe—wild luck and clever eye! —a genuine Carlotta brooch, or petticoat or chest, perhaps; or a sacrificial stone in jade, or a 16th century coppice or a pre-Conquest quandary —is there any thrill that can compare to this instant of discovery?

Indeed there is. To make these and many, many other beautiful or interesting things *oneself*, and give them away for Christmas —la! what thrill compares to this? How many people do you know, after all, who can make their own ancestral portraits or pre-Aztec fertility charms?

So let us to the practical details. Is it furniture of bygone times that interests you? Antiquing it, as any professional can tell you (but won't) requires simply a set of trained worms or, lacking them, a gun and a fair supply of birdshot. Weather your bed, chest, table or triune properly, having made sure of course that the initial design or material was adequate. A damp cellar and your set of worms will do the job in, say, three weeks. Don't overdo, as otherwise you will

have to start over again with another piece.

If it is an archeological rarity you wish to own, or give graciously away, the procedure is again quite simple. Acquire a mold. (This is not meant personally.) You can buy them in idol-manufacturing centers such as Teoti-

huacán or, if this is not convenient, you can make them yourself. For this, you need an idol. The riddle of which came first, the hen or the egg, applies with charming aptness to idols and their molds. You have to have one or the other to start your own line.

To make a mold, you can use toilet



tissue and paste, first oiling your idol and then putting the tissue on in layers until you have built up enough thickness from which to make a plaster of Paris cast. If you have been able to start with a mold, the procedure is, make your cast, let it dry, polish and paint it, and there you are! It is best to use clay rather than plaster, as this is the proper material for true prehistoric antiques.

Let us now turn our attention to ancestral portraits or, if you prefer them, Early Primitives. The procedure is the same in both cases. You begin by buying, in any junk shop, any old painting, making sure that the *canvas* (or backside of the picture) is yellowed, mouldy, and possibly even patched. What is on the front of it should not matter greatly, as, for instance, if it is landscape you use it for background, whereas if it is a portrait, you use that, merely supplying the proper touches of costume around it, and appropriate background. A set of backgrounds suitable to the period you prefer, can be found in any art book referring to same.

Ah! The one essential in the next step, which is the transformation of the old canvas nearer to your décor, is courage. Do not feel that you need to be Rembrandt in order to brush in boldly. After all, it is not going to be known that you did the painting —

therefore you can feel free to let yourself go — gaily and boldly — and you will be more than surprised at the results. In fact, I am sure it will encourage you to go on to Primitives, making bouquets or still lifes over old backgrounds of, for instance, a thundering herd. The secret of a good



Primitive is the freedom with which the component elements are put together. Logic is not desirable in this.

To finish off your work of art, hang it over a smoky fireplace, or smudge-fire outdoors, first having oiled it heavily with almost any fat. Butter will do. A good rich smokiness is, as in ham, very desirable.

Having learned the basic elements of antique-making via these relatively conventional pieces, you may now take off, creatively, and invent a few, of the sort that we may call "conversation pieces." One student of ours produced a most successful effect by making a "manuscript in a bottle" — (washed up on the same beach as a driftwood lamp) which he then suspended from a trivia. This, hung over his fireplace, guarantees easily an evening of successful conversation, with variations on the theme of the sealed bottle and where he (or his great uncle) found it, etc., etc.

Do you begin to see the endless, fascinating possibilities? And how nice to know that owning an antique, or a whole houseful of them, need not be a frustrated yearning, long since given up to only the lucky or the rich. *Anybody* can have antiques. A set of worms, a smoky fireplace, trifles of this sort, and a touch of energy and imagination, are all that you need to be every bit as genteel as the next.

Millicent C. Quigley

TAXCO (Continued from page 19)

baskets in laps, selling hot tortillas or tamales, enjoy the same little flurry of trade which occurs daily about six... Some miners have come in from Pichagua and Santa Rosa. They stroll around the plaza looking for recognition from the girls as they pass in the opposite direction. This business of "taking a turn" is ritual in Mexico and an indispensable social function. You see all the world go by at this hour. You enjoy the fresh evening air, and, meeting your friends, are regaled with complete details of a "Personal" column in a non-existent local press.

On the days when there is a market — in this town it is on Sunday — the Little Mexicans come in from all the remote places, moving without violence, with their families and burros. With them arrive at the market black stone *metates* and *molcajetes* from Piedras Negras, *sombreros* and *petates* from Tlmacuzapa and Huahuastla, herbs and bananas and coffee from Cacaltenango, *sarapes* from Coatepec Harinas, and a thousand other important or desirable commodities. Some come to pay tribute to the Virgen de la Luz, others to christen a baby or to buy a coffin pasted with flowered wall-paper. They come to town in pink undershirts and freshly starched white *calzones*. Sometimes the pink is more lavender, with pleated full white waists and a broad silk scarf, pink or magenta, around a neck that is a golden brown. Their faces have the same sculptured immutability as the stone masks of the Aztec priests.

It is almost solemn ritual, the Sunday market here. The town becomes something more than a mere conventional, bourgeois village (though all villages in Mexico are incredibly conventional). It is something besides picturesque. Here a subtle and unsuspected relationship between bourgeois and primitive Mexico becomes an actuality. If it is not purely Mexican, it is everything which has happened to that country.



Our own Directory

DE LUXE DINING

Ambassadeurs, Reforma 12. One of Mexico's older haunts of society and aficionados of haute cuisine. European decor and dishes.

Focolare, Hamburgo 87. French and Spanish cooking, attractive patio, magnificent martinis; the *vin rosé* is recommended.

Jena, Morelos 10. Smart decor in which chic diners enjoy specialties like vichyssoise, frog legs and classic salads.

La Cava, Insurgentes 37. In the atmosphere of a French wine cellar business executives cook big deals over a large bottle and a small bird.

Normandía, López 15. French provincial decor and three star cooking provided by the owner-chefs. *Hors d'oeuvres*, lobster thermidor, *baba au rhum* washed down with the Bordeaux *rosé* sold by the glass will patch up any lovers' quarrel.

Passy, Ambarés 10. Foreign correspondents eat steaks broiled before their eyes in the pleasant patio. Best coffee in town.

Quid, Puebla 154. Small, intimate place to gnaw on a Chateaubriand or inhale *crêpes Suzette*. Excellent cellar and service.

Rivoli, Hamburgo 123. English decor, some of the best French and Russian cooking in this or any other town. Try the onion soup, *pâté maison*, lobster au whisky, mixed grill, meringue glacé, fine Rhine wines.

TAXCO STOPS

Casa Humboldt. The 18th century naturalist's house has been restored by owner Baron von Wuthenau, the art expert. Overlooking a *barranca*, it is friendly and comparatively cheap.

Hotel de la Borda. Largest hotel on a high hill dominating the town. Nice gardens and a warmed pool. 60 pesos American plan. Manager, Mauricio Véjar.

Los Arcos. A pleasant little hotel with an amusing bar. Excellent meals served in the handsome patio. 50 pesos American plan. Silver designer Anthony Castillo is the owner.

Rancho Telva. Owned and operated by Wells Fargo, which means modern comfort in an old-world setting. Managers, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clapp.

(Editor's note: Listings are made for the benefit of our readers and are not ads. All ads are clearly indicated as such.)

INFORMATION SERVICES

A. M. A. (Asociación Mexicana Automovilística). Berlin 6. Affiliated with the A. A. A. Reciprocal courtesies to members. In case of emergency, call 35-27-35.

American Embassy, Reforma and Lafragua. Tel. 35-95-00.

American Society, Lucerna 71. Tel. 36-35-60 or 36-56-88.

A. N. A. (Asociación Nacional Automovilística). Sullivan 51. Affiliated with A. A. A. Services both to members and non-members. Emergency phone number: 35-03-43.

Benjamin Franklin Library, Niza 53.

Mexico City Daily Bulletin. Gómez Farías 41. Tel. 16-69-60. General tourist information.

Mexican-North American Cultural Institute, Hamburgo 115. Tel. 14-04-77.

National Tourist Department, Juárez 89. General travel information.

PEMEX Travel Club, Juárez 89. Highway information. Publishes an excellent auto travel bulletin in English.

NIGHT SPOTS



What to do after the bullfight doesn't bother the average tourist. He has a chartered limousine waiting for him. But the *aficionado* leaves every fight in such a state of emotion—either elation or despair—that he can hardly totter to the nearest bar-stool.

Fortunately the Plaza is surrounded by toasting emporia and wailing bars. The closest one is *El Ruedo*, nicknamed "The Bullfighter's Bar" because only ex-or would-be *toreros* ever go there. Built like a bullring, with the traditional red *barrera* running the length of the enormous bar (plus escape hatches for the timid drinker), loaded with souvenirs of Belmonte and Manolete, it lets down tension gradually... or builds it up explosively.

The clientele is mixed: charros and their wives, politicians and their pistoleros, once-were *banderilleros* and their doxies, journalists and their scrap books... all feverishly grandstanding how they would have subdued that last 400-kilo "kitten."

Later there is a floorshow of sorts: elephantine Carmens yowling about the Love they Left in Jalisco; aging Juan Tenorios bellowing Lara; soft-shoe imitators of Cantinflas; infant tapdancers. But the real show is the expert rendering of cha-cha-cha and tango by the amateurs, the bottle brawls between the critics, and the hair-pulling matches of the doxies.

I wouldn't want to scare tourists away—though they seldom come. All they have to do is stay sober, sit quietly, buy drinks for their neighbors, and allow their wives to dance with the pistoleros.

If this is a tall order, they'd better go to the next pub, *Joselillo's* which has modern decor, muted music, cocktails; and which is frequented by the



Workshop and Showroom
KIL. 77 TAXCO-ACAPULCO
HIGHWAY

NIGHTSPOTS

(Continued from page 25)

more important critics, the richer breeders, *novilleros* who got into radio, and the Plaza's true elite—the ticket butchers.

Safer yet are the streetcar-barn-like beer joints down the line. Here the *aficionados* who have been defrauded of a week's bean-money for a perch in the clouds and no death in the afternoon are too busy crying into one *Don Quijote* for a family of 15 to pay any attention to gringos.

But this may have a depressive effect on anyone but a hardened tauromachian. Best bet for the tyro Hemingway is to take a sharp left turn on leaving *Sombra*, hit *Insurgentes* and look for the new Mexican tavern sign of mosaics, a water-fall and pseudo-Swedish sculpture.

This will be *La Terraza*, one of the newest and smartest of the ginmills. It's so chic that people who don't even go to *corridos* come here all the way from the Lomas for a Sunday fandango.

It's hard to get into. People in sports shirts or halters are automatically barred, and a man with an eye-patch and an open Hathaway shirt is only admitted after presentation of his pedigree and the gift of a Countess Mara tie. But once inside, the hospitality is of the Southern sort trademarked Comfort; waiters open champagne in a soundproof booth; Tarahumara runners bring you fresh Acapulco abalone in a matter of seconds; Carlos Morales (perhaps the world's most genial boniface) keeps sending up to his office for new cravates. Don Carlos M. makes Don Sherman B. look like that forgotten man, the sponsor of the mere \$64 Question. D. D.

Before buying be sure to see

FISCHGRUND
Editorial de Arte

Distinctive
Christmas Cards



To any Mexico City businessman, the U.S. 45-minute lunch hour is not only barbaric but also impractical. "How," he'll say, "do they get any work done?"

Mexico City's lunch hour is a generous two hours and frequently more. It is a protracted and pleasant period, used for eating the biggest meal of the day and clinching the biggest deals. In the town's better restaurants, eavesdroppers can fill their ears with thousand-peso talk over the olives, and million-peso contracts over the cognac.

Businessmen here start work late—about 10 am—but they stay in their offices until late in the evening. The long lunch hour comes as a pleasant midday break. And as a necessity: everybody does it, and the man who remains at his desk won't find anyone else to do business with.

But perhaps most of all, particularly in the capital, lunch has come to represent the one chance in the day to talk business away from telephones and office hustle-bustle, where the only interruptions come in the form of soft-shod waiters with frosted glasses and steaming plates. A businessman's heart may not be linked to his stomach; but a contract which might take a month of telephone calls and office visits to arrange, gets signed in a day when approached via the long lunch.

Most groups have their favorite spots for combining business with pleasure. Preferred by American colony members who are also chiefs of industry are the American Club, noted for its good cooking; and the University Club, where food is superb, but

only members have bar privileges. Advertising agencies are always well represented at La Cava, a new-and-nice below-ground restaurant decorated like a wine cellar. Chateaubriand is inches thick and flanked with crisp and mammoth watercress at La Cava.

The business lunch reaches its pleasantest point, however, when business gives in to lunch. Because it almost always happens this way, Mexico's financial wizards have few ulcers. So they're perfectly able to drop in at Ambassadeur's for venison in red wine, or the Rivoli for *Cotelettes Kiev* and *Crêpes Suzette*. The Rivoli, incidentally, has a goodly amount of Pouilly Fuisse, both '47 and '49, though to our taste the earlier vintage of this magnificent, almost opalescent white wine has begun to fade. Or you'll see tycoons at the Focolare, noted for its opulent *hors d'oeuvres*, its *Mousse au Chocolat*, and its fine Spanish wines.

Some of the city's best restaurants, aware that lunch in Mexico means a full course dinner, have begun to offer dazzling soup-to-coffee arrays at a fraction of their *a la carte* prices. Most middle-class restaurants do this as a matter of course, at prices that range from 8 to 15 pesos. But the thoroughly French Normandia, a gourmet's haunt where we've lunched on cheese soufflé and green salad and spent a day's wages doing it, now offers two business lunches, for 18 and 25 pesos. If you arrive after lunch hours, try *bouillabaise* and a Bordeaux rosé—what better way to spend a day's pay?

And the Passy, once Russian, now international-accent-on-French, has a business lunch with magnificent food and cocktail included; price 15 pesos.

Lunch hours, plus special lunch prices, begin at 1 pm at the very earliest, continue to a gracious 4 pm. All city restaurants know North American habits, however, and are prepared to offer lunch—though not the business special—by high noon.

For elegant lunching, *a la carte* or business special, see listings in Our Own Directory. M. L.

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Flying Red Horse*

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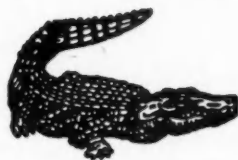
In the Shops

Even in Mexico, Land of the Bargain, purses can begin to pucker after a few days of full scale shopping. Before you decide to do away with your lists of friends to be remembered, or plunge into the pallid task of penning postcards, it's wise to look for a bright answer in the racks of Mexican cards now featured in the glossier bookstores. Particularly in November and December, these racks reach staggering proportions.

Less than a decade ago, almost no one in Mexico sent Christmas cards. Those that were bought (usually by members of the American colony) were imported. And then suddenly the idea began to catch on. For the last seven years, sales have nearly doubled with each year, and Mexican artists have found a new field that not only gives financial rewards but also a certain amount of fame, since these are almost the only full color reproductions of current art printed in Mexico.

Some well known artists, like Miguel Covarrubias, entered the field, and so did a number of lesser-known painters with special talents for capturing scenes and peoples of Mexico in small paintings of brilliant colors which reproduce with fine quality. Editorial de Arte, where Fischgrund

(Continued on page 28)



Fine Leather Bags
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Sac Parisien, S. A.



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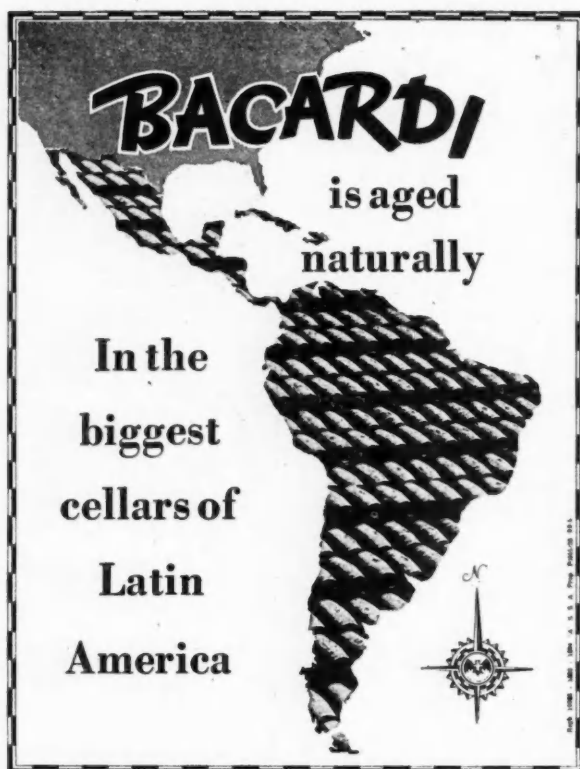
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ATENAS 42-601 **MEXICO** / *this month* HOURS 9:30 - 7

IN THE SHOPS

(Continued from page 27)

cards are printed, specializes in this sort of thing, and offers a list of artists as long as this column.

Among the best are Salvador Corona, who does delicate Colonial scenes with accent on high-stepping horses and elegant ladies; Horacio Rentería Rocha — better known as Horacio — with demure portraits of Colonial children and home scenes; Indian named - and - styled Xochitziotzin, with pre-Spanish and folklore themes; and José Gutiérrez, who does folklore and village festivals in vigorous whirls of reds. Some foreign artists have joined the group, and there are reproductions of watercolors by Stanford Stevens and Hayman Chaffee. Pedro Ramírez does wide-eyed, cheeky children in the midst of Christmas *posadas* and *piñatas*.

In the realm of only-in-Mexico, there is also a varied and constantly new collection of art originals, Christmas card size. Most of these are by art students and a lot of them are good. You'll find original water colors, gouaches, collages of colored paper and fabrics, mosaics of tiny colored strips of wood or feathers, as well as silk screened cards done by the artist himself.

Our staff artist Jacques Dunham, who does our Do-It-Yourself and Angus drawings, uses his fine sense of line in cards which are always among the season's best. His Wise Men, Virgin and Child, and angel (a more angelic one than Angus) cards in black and gilt are collector's items.

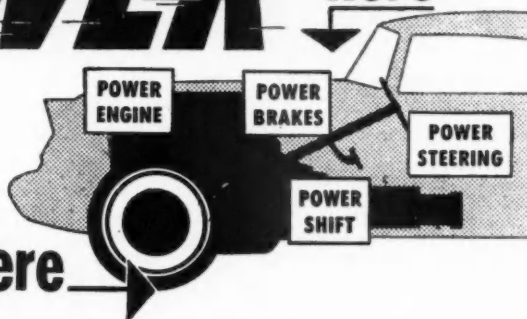
Good places to look for cards are Central de Publicaciones, Juárez 4, the American Book Store, Madero 25, and Sanborn's, Reforma and Lafragua or Madero 6.

For our subscribers, *Mexico This Month* will offer a selection of cards by top artists at special discount. You can see these in our office, Atenas 42-601. Or drop by and leave your orders for the best card of all, a subscription to *Mexico This Month*.

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DISTINCTION

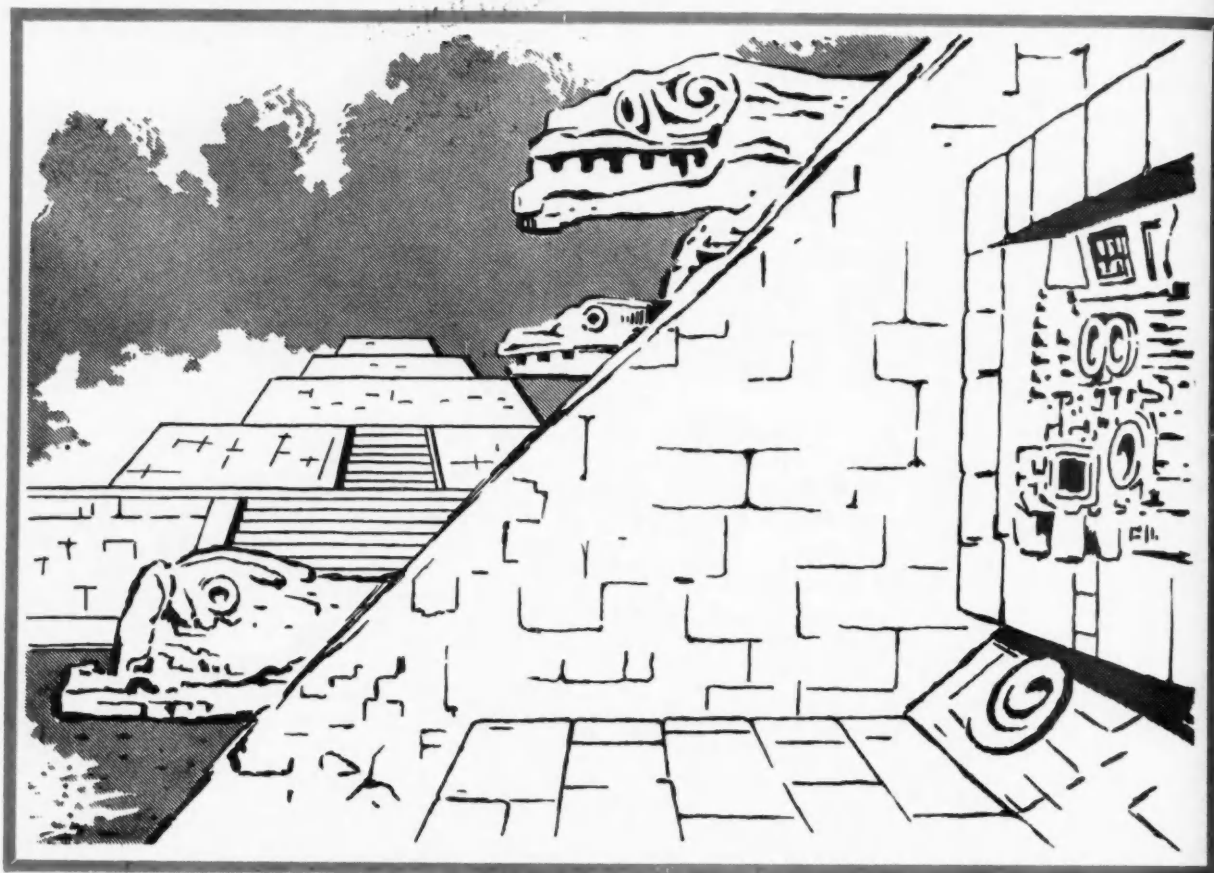
Sellomaticas are good looking. Their modern design is in keeping with the lines of your car. Identify them by the black ring on the white side wall... uncluttered by brand names and markings.

Because they are
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...THEY LAST LONGER!



they grab the ground like a caterpillar

"This is Mexico"



Ancient Teotihuacan



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